

# THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

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## The Living Church

WHEN YOU enter it you hear a sound—a sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough, and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls—that is, if you have ears. If you have eyes, you will presently see the church itself—a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows, leaping sheer from floor to dome. The work of no ordinary builder! The pillars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes; the sweet human flesh of men and women is molded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable; the faces of little children laugh out from every corner stone; the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world. It is yet building—building and built upon. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness; sometimes in blinding light; now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish; now to the tune of a great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder. Sometimes, in the silence of the night-time, one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work up in the dome—the comrades that have climbed ahead.

—CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, in "The Servant in the House."

CHICAGO

### Sweet Is That Power

Sweet is that power that bids us rise  
Onward and upward throughout all time,  
Seeking for truth and ignoring wrong,  
Stemming the troublous tides along,  
Which conquer we must or never climb  
To things which the noble life comprise.

Soothing to think of that Beacon Light  
Guiding our steps on this dark below  
Slowly but certainly on toward the rays  
Of promised brightness, through devious ways,  
Enticing us e'er from the way we must go  
To the kingdom of justice and right.

The initial step is our suffering here  
To that Great Beyond where a fairer day  
Greets the new comer with wondering eyes;  
Knowing the promise, while here man tries  
To live this life in a saintly way,  
Patterned after the Savior dear.

Jesus, consummate of saintly life,  
Pictures the value of noble deeds,

Proving that they make the last step slight  
To the Heavenly Home from the earthly night,  
Where ne'er a heart in sadness bleeds  
In eternal life, where there is no strife.

—Wilton E. Cross.

Did it ever strike you that goodness is not merely a beautiful thing, but the beautiful thing, by far the most beautiful thing in the world? and that badness is not merely an ugly thing, but the ugliest thing in the world? So that nothing is to be compared for value with goodness; that riches, honor, power, pleasure, learning, the whole world and all in it are not worth having in comparison with being good; and the utterly best thing for a man is to be good, even though he were never rewarded for it; and the utterly worst thing for a man is to be bad, even though he were never punished for it.—Charles Kingsley.

The difference between a life without Christ and a life with Christ is the difference between ebb and flood—the one is growing emptier, and the other is growing fuller.—Charles Cuthbert Hall.

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# The Christian Century

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON AND HERBERT L. WILLETT . . . . . EDITORS

## From the Midst of the Convention

**A**T THIS TIME IT IS DIFFICULT TO make an adequate report of the great convention at Louisville in the midst of which this article is penned. The editor of The Christian Century, who is devoting his entire time during this week to the interpretation of the convention for the great daily newspaper, the Courier Journal, has asked me to set down, for this page, my impression of the convention.

We emerged yesterday from the most strained situation that has developed in one of our conventions in many years, and I find the impression made upon me by the session of Thursday afternoon in which Rev. J. B. Briney presented a resolution asking the Foreign Missionary Society to receive no more living-link funds from the Hyde Park Church, Chicago, and to recall Guy W. Sarvis from China, is more vivid at this moment than any other. That this resolution was defeated by a vote of 468 to 270 indicates plainly that the main body of the Disciples are attending diligently to the work to which they have committed themselves.

The Louisville convention is certain to become historic. During these days the words liberty and democracy have been frequently upon the lips of the multitude. There have been fears among us for our liberties, but where democracy holds sway and a just regard for the spirit of Christ, liberty can never be overthrown. Liberty has its perils; those who follow its light may find themselves confused at times; they may become discouraged as they essay to keep in the open paths; but liberty deals fairly with its friends, it has no pranks or deceptions to play upon them, and those who lean to that side, persevering in every task attempted in that great name, can never miss the object of their quest.

It is because of our inborn love of liberty that we are an inflammable people. All parties to our discussions are not more heresy-hating than they are liberty-loving. All schools of thinking may be willing to surrender doctrinal views, but they will never surrender the right of individual judgment, the liberty of prophesying, the privilege to think, and to be free—the bulwarks of Protestantism, the only standards which humanity will follow with enthusiasm.

Therefore, when the venerable J. B. Briney offered his resolution whose effect would be to constitute the Foreign Society a tribunal to pass upon the beliefs of those who contribute to its work, the tense interest displayed was a demonstration of the vitality with which the Disciples hold to that fundamental principle of individual liberty. Professor Ames, Guy W. Sarvis and Hyde Park Church were small figures on the canvas. The real issue, whether a few men should control the thought and the future of the Disciples, loomed up in comparison like a firmament. Our people are weary of newspaper ecclesiasticism or ecclesiasticism in any form and they dreaded the creation of another.

No man has been more active during his life-long ministry in assailing anything among us that looked like ecclesiasticism than J. B. Briney; and had his resolution been adopted he would have imposed upon the Dis-

ciples the very thing which he has professed to abhor. The questions involved were so tremendous that many felt that if Mr. Briney's resolution had prevailed, the day would not be long when mission boards would be tribunals for the arraignment of heretics rather than agencies for the conversion of the world. It must be evident that a system of doctrine would have to be adopted to which every church among us would be compelled to conform.

Who could devise such a system?

If one church is put on trial all churches must be; churches whose views are known could easily pass muster. But what of men and churches whose views are unknown? Are only the silent to be regarded as the sound? If so, we might well pray to be stricken dumb. Are we to emulate men who have the courage of their convictions and who are not afraid to speak out, or must we worship at the shrines of the timid, the time-serving and the dwellers in solitude? Were such a resolution to represent the convictions of our brotherhood, liberty of speech would perish, independence of action would become obsolete, and a race of spineless men would fill the schools of the prophets.

The Disciples are sensitive on questions of doctrine; they are rebellious when their liberties are assailed.

But while we have been disturbed over many questions of doctrine, we have done great things at home and abroad. Our controversial skill has given to some of our brethren a great field for the employment of their gifts, and our discussions have not been in vain. But, while these have been going on, the churches, as a whole, have been inspired to continue the ministry of Jesus in missionary, benevolent, philanthropic and evangelistic work.

The reports of the various boards showed an increase over all previous years. Of particular interest was the report of the "Million Dollar Campaign Committee," led by Abram E. Cory, of China, and his efficient co-workers. For upwards of a year these men have visited the churches from coast to coast asking gifts from our men and women of wealth. More than \$700,000 has been pledged, and the million dollar mark is in sight. Mr. Cory and his helpers made inspiring addresses at one of the morning sessions of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society which was declared to be one of the greatest sessions of the entire convention.

Other reports are not in at this writing but their advance sheets are encouraging to every interest dear to the hearts of the Disciples.

Of the addresses I can give but a brief mention here. Hugh McLellan, by general consent gave the best convention sermon that we have had in years. It was classical in diction, convincing in argument, adequate in every line. Of course Peter Ainslie did his best, as he always does, and that best any man might well covet. Oliver W. Stewart, eloquent and convincing as ever, presented the claims of the Temperance Board. Charles S. Medbury made us feel the needs of deeper devotion to the work of our benevolences. W. F. Reagor from the Pacific Coast had a stirring message for world-wide evangelization; while Stephen J. Corey told of the miracles of missions that are being wrought on the Congo.

E. B. B.

## Social Survey

### The Flight of Chicago's Vice Vultures.

It is a year and a half since the report of the Chicago Vice Commission was published. Its revelations of the astounding ramifications of unholy traffic in human flesh startled the entire nation. Nothing much has been done about the matter by the Chicago authorities until about a month ago, when the grand jury of Cook County started an investigation, and State's Attorney Wayman began to move against the red-light district in a manner which could not be mistaken. The vice commission, being an investigating, and not a judicial body, had obtained the larger part of its information upon the understanding that individual names and places should not be made public, and had designated these by a system of letters and numbers, the key being held by a small committee of four persons. One of the features of the present crusade has been the attempt of the state's attorney's office to secure this key for the purposes of prosecution, thus far without avail. Another feature of this crusade has been the legal action taken against the owners of houses used for immoral purposes. The entire city has been aroused as seldom before, and the prevailing sentiment is against segregation, which sentiment is in line with the recommendations of the vice commission. So thorough-going has been this crusade that fear has been expressed that the women of the levee would scatter throughout the residence districts. Recently, social workers, educators, and ministers addressed a mass-meeting at the Sunday Evening Club, Orchestra Hall. Dean W. T. Sumner said that it was a remarkable commentary on the public spirit of American citizens that a traffic which could never be legalized should be left to the control of the police. "The condition of affairs is such that the people of this Christian city of Chicago should not stand for segregation of vice which can never settle any phase of the social evil, save to hide it from public view." Mr. Edward M. Skinner, former president of the Chicago Association of Commerce, said: "If the segregated district is closed and its inmates driven out, your residence districts will not be endangered any more than your police permit it to be endangered. It is now eighteen months since the vice commission reported and urged the abolition of the segregated district and the appointment of a morals commission. Is the council as earnest as the members of the commission?" A prominent Baptist clergyman in a prelude to his Sunday evening sermon, spoke incisively upon the situation as follows: "The policy of police protecting these evils increase their number enormously. Segregation as applied to this policy is a great misnomer. Incubation is the better term. A vice district is a breeding ground for these evils. The one man in this city at the present who can make effective this remarkable movement is the mayor. If he comes forward and supports this widespread, awakened Christian sentiment and gives unequivocal orders to the police department to suppress social orders, Chicago will be cleaner and safer and more attractive than ever before in her history." It remains to be seen whether the Chicago red-light district, after it has been swept and garnished, will be left to become again worse than at the first. Certainly it has been many a year since public opinion was so thoroughly aroused for a morally clean city.

### Better Laws for Family Relations.

Marriage bonds and regulations have become a national problem. This statement is axiomatic. Other problems less vital to the nation, which were once regarded as belonging to the jurisdiction of the states, have so run over state boundaries as to make federal action imperative. Witness, for example, the commercial conditions which have made necessary the federal interstate commerce laws. In that case the national law supplements that of the states. Every state in the union has some law regarding marriage and divorce. Some of the more progressive have regulations which would be effective in some measure were it not for poor laws or lax enforcement of others. What, then, can be done to better a condition which every thinking man or woman knows exists? If it is possible to supplement the state laws by national laws, then that course should be taken. The nature of the case, however, militates against this solution. It has often been suggested that federal control of the entire subject of marriage and divorce, insuring a uniformity of

law and a maximum and equal enforcement, would eliminate many evils. Recently a large Methodist conference took decided action advocating such control. That was a bold step and will meet with much criticism, but only through such fearless action by conscientious Christian men and women can we hope to bring about a change. Perhaps the step indicated is too radical, but if it will set us to thinking out a better solution and stimulate us to action in putting that better solution into practice, it is well worth while.

### Report of Committee on Social Service.

BY A. W. TAYLOR.

Your Committee on Social Service, appointed by the Portland Convention, begs leave to report as follows:

The social problems of our times are fundamentally moral problems. We believe it is the business of the church to permeate modern social movements with religious ideals and modern religious movements with a social passion. We believe:

1. That they will never be settled right until they are settled in the light of the teachings of Jesus; that the church of Christ is under obligation to take an active interest in the vital problems of poverty, industry, living conditions, temperance, divorce, immigration, rural life, peace and war and every social condition that involves the welfare of humanity; that her task is that of the common good and that in a social age she should be aggressively interested in the moral solution of social questions.

2. That the church cannot champion any class or partizan cause, but that she can create a fellow sympathy, cultivate a Christian conscience, arouse interest in all urgent social questions, and direct activities that will help to solve them.

3. That the church cannot adequately extend its influence and build up itself except as it meets these problems with Christian sympathy and helps to solve them by Christian activity under its own direction; that it is as much its duty to organize for social extension in this social age as it is to organize Sunday-schools and missionary societies or to direct any of its other multifarious useful activities.

Whereas;

The A. C. M. S. is the society organized by the Disciples of Christ, for the propagation of Christianity in America, this committee submits that under this society's auspices it finds a field already provided for it by the society's activities in such signal social undertakings as those of the Home Mission Survey of last winter, their study of the immigration problem and the present simultaneous Home Mission Campaign. The home societies of all the churches are taking a view of their task that is significant for social interests and in most of them there are already organized and at work social service agencies that are providing potential forces in the work of making America Christian. In the co-operation of these agencies, through the various home societies in the Social Service Commission of the Federal Council, and in other interdenominational activities, will be found one of the most powerful means for forwarding the union causes which we plead and in answering the Master's prayer that we may all be one "that the world may believe."

Therefore we recommend:

1. That the Committee on Social Service be made a standing committee of this convention; that it consist of five members, composed of men who are actively interested in social work, to be appointed by the convention upon recommendation of the secretaries of the A. C. M. S., and the president of the convention.

2. That this committee of five select in their own way an advisory Council who shall act with them in council and co-operate with them in work.

3. That the A. C. M. S., appropriate the sum of \$250 for the committee's work during the next twelve months, no part of this money to be spent for salary for any member of the committee, and all expenditures to be audited by the secretaries of the A. C. M. S.

4. That the program of the Social Service Commission of the Federal Council of Churches, be heartily approved and adopted as our own, and that we instruct our Committee on Social Service to co-operate in all feasible ways with the Social Service Commission of the Federal Council, and with the Social Service Committee and departments of other religious bodies in carrying out their common tasks.

5. Recognizing that a vast majority of our churches are in towns, villages, and country places, we direct this committee to give special attention to the problems of the country church.

6. Lastly, we recommend that this committee be given space for a special department in the American Home Missionary.



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## The Christian Attitude Toward Money

"Seek not proud riches," says Lord Bacon, "but such as thou mayest get justly, distributed cheerfully, and leave contentedly. Yet have no abstract or friarly contempt of them." "Give me neither property nor riches," says Agur. He recognizes the necessity of material possession and also their danger. The rich man is apt to become arrogant and to set himself above the moral law. But the poor man is tempted to steal and thus to profane the name of God.

"Cowries are men," runs the African proverb. We say, "Money makes the man." It is not possible to separate a man from his possessions. We judge him by what he creates. By creating wealth he renders himself worthy of our commendation. But men often control wealth which they have not helped to create. Great possessions are not always evidence of unusual services.

It is a common error to look upon material possessions as the only object worthy of serious endeavor. The Christian can avoid this error by opening his eyes to social values. It is worth while to have a reputation for fair dealing and to deserve it. Not all the wealth of the world is sufficient recompense for the loss of integrity. The independence that riches give is a poor substitute for spiritual freedom.

"Some, having nothing, pretend to be rich,  
Others, being wealthy, pretend to be poor."

There are doubtless many reasons why some poor men pretend to be rich. They crave social recognition and they know of no other way to get it. Being nothing themselves, they try to have the world believe they have the title to property that should receive consideration. The seek the opportunity to prey upon others, to live without work, and that opportunity is more likely to come if they are believed to be wealthy. The rich man has his reasons for pretending to have nothing. The assessor may be troublesome. The church and the college have needs. There are orphans to educate and helpless old people to support. In the presence of so many human needs it is inconvenient to be rich.

No Christian despises money. He tries to get all of it he can get honestly. He will not sell his soul for it, he will not sell his friends. Money is only a means. To make it the supreme good is to degrade man. When it is gained by honest labor and used wisely and generously it is a means of grace. "Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can," was the advice of John Wesley. It was Dr. Johnson's opinion that a "man who both spends and saves money is the happiest man, because he has both enjoyments." Of his own experience he says, "When I was running about the town a very poor fellow, I was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty; but I was, at the same time, very sorry to be poor." "Sir, all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil, show it to be evidently a great evil."

It is the love of money and not money itself that is a root of

all kinds of evil. The money for which we have toiled represents life. To rob us of it is to rob us of life. The Christian will use his influence and his vote to protect the wage earners in the enjoyment of their money. He will strive to educate children so that they will desire what is best and know how to spend their money for what enriches life. The saloon and other institutions that take money and give in return misery cannot have the support of intelligent Christian men. Loan sharks, thieves who masquerade as real estate agents, and all other pretended friends of the people whose real purpose is robbery, should find that in the sight of the law they are enemies of mankind. We have done only a part of our duty when we have exhorted everybody to be industrious and thrifty. We must take care of the fellow who starts out to live by the sweat of other men's faces.

The generosity that consists in spending the money of others is frequently met. The grocer and the butcher have borne the expense of many a banquet for which their customers were praised. One preacher, always prompt to send flowers to the sick and distressed, never bothered himself about paying the florist. Some men spend liberally with their friends' money that properly belongs to their wives and children. The proverb, "The borrower is servant to the lender," does not cover all cases, for some borrowers never pay back what they borrow and they seem to have money for luxuries, which the lender cannot buy.

[Midweek Service, Oct. 30. I Tim. 6:6-12; Prov. 13; Mark 10:17-31.]

S. J.

## An Echo of the Men and Religion Movement

In Denver there is no disposition to allow the effects of recent reforms to die. Those who have felt the inspiration of the great moral movements in that city are ever at work to deepen whatever of good has resulted. If the Men and Religion Forward Movement had done nothing more than to emphasize the need of practical service by putting Christian men at the front of all effort which makes for better civic conditions, it would have achieved a worthy end. The perseverance of the sinners can only be successfully met by the perseverance of the saints, and the quality shown by the Christian manhood of Denver is being amply rewarded, as shown by the following from the *Congregationalist*:

It is stimulating to observe that on the surface, at least, Denver is not succumbing to that fatal weakness which often attacks a municipality just coming out of the fever of a reform uprising—namely, letting down after the election. A number of indications show that her citizens mean the good work to go steadily forward. The police department, under Commissioner George Creel, has been setting up a number of reforms, some of them revolutionary. The other day he issued an order requiring all officers to surrender their clubs—and Denver is now patrolled by policemen unaccompanied by "big sticks." This advanced stand has naturally drawn a varied reception, although prevailing favorable. Rev. A. A. Tanner of First Congregational Church, in a sermon on "How God Corrects Us," took occasion to commend the new rule, declaring that his observation of a similar policy under "Golden Rule" Jones of Toledo, showed nothing of which to be apprehensive in the way of lawlessness. Another projected reform, heartily endorsed by Mr. Tanner, was the plan to establish a correctional farm in place of the squalid conditions of the local jail. Speaking on the same day in First Presbyterian Church, Harry G. Fisher, energetic young head of the Christian Citizenship Union, attacked the vice problem. As has been previously explained on this page, the Denver reform administration has settled for the present upon the policy of restriction rather than annihilation in dealing with the social evil. The Men and Religion campaign left behind it a strong sentiment in favor of a vice commission—similar to those in Chicago, Minneapolis, Philadelphia and elsewhere—and Mr. Fisher gave notice that Mayor Arnold would surely be called upon to redeem his campaign pledges in this respect. Not far away, in Central Presbyterian Church, the evening service was devoted to the first of a series of civic meetings planned to be continued fortnightly through fall and winter. There a judge, the city treasurer and the sheriff were preaching to a large congregation on three such sermon themes as "The Love of Christ Practically Applied," "The Christian's Politics" and "The Church and Law Enforcement." All these signs of a true civic awakening must rejoice the heart of doughty little Ben Lindsey, the "kids' judge," who fought for years while others slept.

To admire what is admirable, to adore what is adorable, to follow what is noble, to remember any such examples that has crossed our earthly pilgrimage that have brightened its darkness and cheered its dullness, this keeps alive before us the ideal of human nature and the essence of the divine nature. The good thoughts, the good deeds, the good memories, of those who have been the salt and the light of the earth, do not perish with their departure. They live on still, and those who have wrought them live in them.—Selected.

# Our Friends Who Work in the Dark

By Daisy Winifred Heath

Of the 5,000 blind in Illinois about four-fifths have lost their sight in adult life. They have not had the advantage of the special training and sympathetic care which the state has long provided the blind children, who comprise only one-fifth of the total number of blind. The neglect of the needs of this large majority of adult blind came to the attention of certain members of the Chicago Woman's Club, and about five years ago they undertook some relief of the situation. They provided the most obvious necessities for a few of the blind of Chicago who were living in abject poverty, and also undertook the instruction of some in tactile reading and writing and certain industrial occupations by which they could assist themselves financially. Arrangements were made with one of the Chicago department stores for the sale of goods made by the blind, and this work is still carried on under the auspices of the club.

To do the teaching, they employed a bright young blind man, Mr. Charles E. Comstock, son of one of the traveling auditors of the Illinois Central Railroad. Having lost his own sight at the age of eight, and receiving the most serviceable sort of education at the state school for the blind at Jacksonville, Mr. Comstock well understood the needs of his sightless brothers and sisters, and strongly sympathized with those who had been thrust into darkness after reaching maturity.

He began his work by teaching the reading and writing of embossed type—taking up a point print (American Braille) with some; with others, the Moon type, an embossed line lettering similar to our printed capitals, but somewhat simplified, and easier than Braille for the aged or those whose fingers are hardened with toil.

Later he took up the teaching of loom weaving, and reed and raffia and bead work. He mastered typewriting, studied the systems of stenography in use by the sighted and worked out a system of Braille shorthand, devising a practical shorthand machine. He now began teaching his Braille shorthand, in connection with typewriting, to such pupils as were capable of becoming proficient stenographers.

One of the early pupils was deaf as well as blind. Mr. Comstock made himself familiar with the manual alphabet so that he could spell out his instructions into the man's hand, and taught him to weave. While not wholly self-supporting, this doubly afflicted young man is now able to earn enough to provide himself with clothing and spending money, and takes pride and keen pleasure in his work.

A bright but despondent blind woman, with whom a sighted teacher in another state had been able to accomplish nothing, later moved to Chicago and was visited by Mr. Comstock. When he first put a page of Braille into her hands, she exclaimed:

"I can't ever learn that. Why, I couldn't make anything of all those little dots if I had a dozen eyes."

"Oh, yes, you can, Mrs. D.," was the instant response. "You are going to learn it. I am here to teach you."

And she did learn it, stimulated both by the excellent teaching and by the desire not to be outdone by this blind boy (he was barely twenty then). Not only that, but she mastered the Braille music, which is much more difficult, and doubly so to one who had been familiar with the staff music used by the sighted.

One unfortunate woman, who, by reason of paralysis, is unable to walk or talk, besides being blind, was given instruction, and has found much consolation in whiling away the long hours by typewriting and reading embossed type books.

## Extension of Home Teaching Work.

A bill asking for a state appropriation for the extension of this home teaching work was introduced by Senator William M. Brown at the late session of the Illinois legislature, and became a law. Ten thousand dollars was appropriated for the work for the next two years, and Mr. Comstock was appointed superintendent of this new state department of visitation and instruction of the adult blind. He has three assistant teachers in different parts of the state, Mr. Bryant M. Harrod, who has his headquarters in East St. Louis, Mr. J. Finley Lockaby, whose territory centers in Peoria, and Miss Anna J. Johnson, who teaches in parts of Chicago and in several near-by towns. Superintendent Comstock has his headquarters in Chicago and teaches here when not engaged in supervising his assistants, in ordering and distributing supplies, or in writing letters or holding interviews relating to the work of his department. An exact record is kept of the work done by each instructor and of the history and progress of each pupil. The work is under the Illinois board of administration and is carried on in accordance with the regulations of the state civil service commission, and has the cordial approval and coöperation of both these bodies and of the governor.

All the teachers are totally blind. Superintendent Comstock is convinced from his own broad experience and observation that more effective work can be done by blind than by sighted teachers in instructing the blind, because the sightless teacher best understands

the peculiar needs of pupils similarly afflicted, and because he is better able to arouse the confidence of his pupils by showing them, through his own achievements, what can be accomplished without sight.

Subjects which are now being taught the adult blind of the state are the reading and writing of embossed type, Braille music, Braille shorthand, typewriting, net and hammock making, mattress making, basketry, chair caning, rug weaving on the Danish loom, knitting, crocheting, sewing, and bead work.

The pupils are in all walks of life. One of the Peoria pupils is an active and successful electrical contractor, attending to the office part of the work himself, and employing several men to do the wiring of buildings. This gentleman finds the Braille writing of especial



*Blind Stenographer Taking Dictation on Braille Shorthand Machine.*

value, Mr. Lockaby says, as "people often come into his office and leave before his stenographer arrives, which necessitates his remembering the addresses, but having his thoughts concentrated upon making an estimate on a proposition, the address is sometimes forgotten. The use of the Braille writer overcomes this difficulty."

Another Peoria man, seventy-five years old, has made remarkable progress for a man of his age. With five lessons in reed work he has completed his first basket, and, as a product of the first effort, the article would reflect credit upon a person of any age. Since he lost his sight two years ago, this man has learned to operate the typewriter so well that he writes all of his letters, and has also written his recollections of experiences as a soldier in the Civil War.

One of the stenographic pupils, a young woman who is a graduate of the University of Chicago, is now doing stenographic work for one of the university professors.

A lady and gentleman of Glen Ellyn, a couple who have been married about forty years, have both recently lost their sight, yet they are perhaps the happiest of any of the pupils. The man has taken up the industrial work, while his wife is learning to read, and reads to her husband while he is at work on his baskets.

Many are already deriving financial benefit from their industrial instruction under the new department, some having made and sold a number of articles—sold because they are worth the price, not from sympathy.

The preceding instances give some indication of the advantages of the work to blind people under widely differing conditions and circumstances. As Helen Keller has said: "The heaviest burden of the blind is not blindness, but idleness, and they can be relieved of this greater burden." To some, the work of the new department furnishes employment to the mind and diverts the thoughts from their misfortune, thus tending to avoid mental stagnation, and disperse gloom and despondency. Others see that it will make an appreciable addition to their income. To the few who have previously been suc-



cessful in their undertakings it has facilitated the transaction of business. In the case of the wretchedly poor, it also means, in so far as they can be lifted out of pauperism, a great saving to the state, out of all proportion to the expense of their instruction.

Yet, while the department is doing vigorous work and is making notable progress in the herculean task before it, there is great need for the hearty coöperation of all in sympathy with work for the sightless, in many directions, especially in finding employment for those already equipped for work and those now being equipped, and in the purchase of goods made by the blind. It is not always easy to find a sufficient market for the products of the blind worker's toil, and the securing of positions outside of their homes is even more difficult. The business world is hard to convince of the capabilities of the sightless, and many of those able to do valuable work are still left in idleness.

#### The Desire for Independence.

The desire of the self-respecting blind for independence is clearly indicated by the following extract from a letter written by a blind young woman in response to the offer of friends to do what they could to assist her and a few other efficient young women to find employment. She says: "We certainly all appreciate the kindness of you and your friends, in offering to help us to help ourselves. Few understand that this is the kind of aid that we desire; almost all are willing to give us assistance, but think we should be willing to be taken care of. This is not what most of us want—we want a chance to live, as other people live. This is human nature; and where this desire for independence does not exist there is something vitally wrong."

Relief from enforced idleness is, undoubtedly, of more importance than anything else to the happiness of the sightless. Yet the old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is as true of the blind as of the seeing. Hence another field in which friends of the blind can be of use to them is the social field. Many blind men and women are terribly lonely. Shut off from many of the activities and diversions of the seeing, they prize highly social intercourse with their fellowmen. Why should they not have this gratification? They cannot take the initiative socially, we must seek them out. Our neglect to do this is often our loss as well as theirs.

Many of the blind, by reason of abundant, though unwelcome, leisure, are deep thinkers; a blind man's memory is usually, of necessity, exceptionally well-trained and is often a rich storehouse of valuable and interesting facts; a large proportion of blind people are skilled musicians, for a sightless person with any taste for music will naturally give it much attention, since it is the chief æsthetic avenue open to him. There are at least as large a proportion of intelligent, gifted blind people as of sighted. Denied the newspaper and magazine except as friends find time to read these to them, they value the companionship which enables them to keep up with the times, and are ready to share their intellectual or musical riches with us in exchange for this boon. Why, then, should they be, as they often are, practically ostracised, regarded merely as curiosities to be exclaimed over if they do anything without help, or else as invalids, or a strange, abnormal type of human being, with no interests in common with the rest of mankind? The blind are just like other people, save for the handicap of lack of sight. There are many brave and cheerful and inspiring souls among them, many bright and interesting minds. They are, as a rule, so appreciative of little efforts to give them pleasure—to talk with them, read to them, walk or skate or play or sing with them—that any effort is well repaid.

A sightless person can be given much pleasure by being persistently included in the various social activities of his neighbors—church and other meetings, entertainments, socials, picnics. Lectures, concerts, plays, trolley-car rides, walks in the parks, are within easy reach if one will take a little trouble.

#### Association With Blind Not Depressing.

Some people have the mistaken idea that blindness and gloom are inseparable. The writer has heard such expressions as the following: "I feel so sorry for blind people that I know I could never endure being with those so afflicted. I should find it too depressing." A sympathy that expresses itself by depriving its object of what would give him great pleasure and tend to decrease the need for pity is not true sympathy. Moreover, association with the blind is not necessarily depressing. Those not isolated from their sighted fellows usually come in contact with the better side of human nature, and in this way are less blind to the good really existing in the world than many who have eyes, for, after all, the instinct of kindness prevails. A large proportion of the blind are optimists. Some day the world will wake up to the fact that many of those who sit in physical darkness are themselves light-bearers, shedding intellectual and spiritual sunshine on a whole community if not forced to keep their light hidden under a bushel.

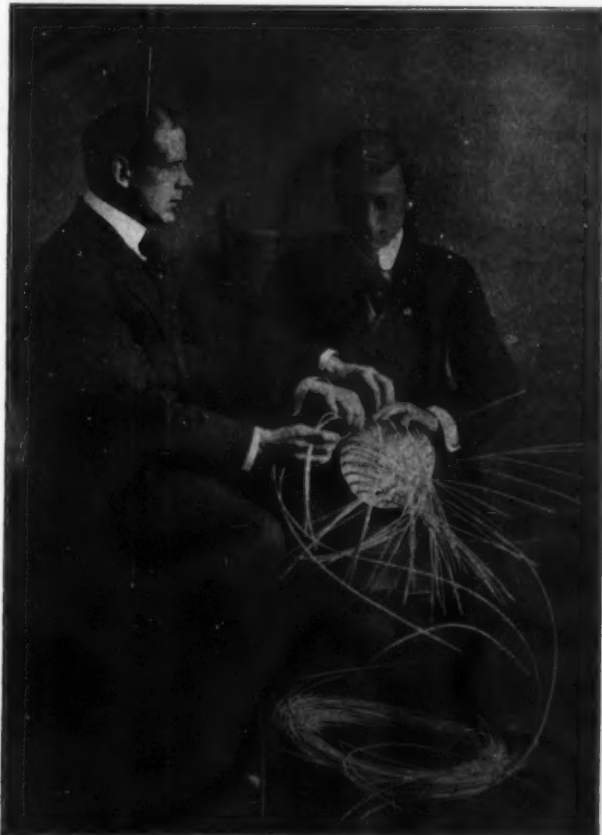
Perhaps a few definite suggestions may be grateful to any who would like to be of assistance to our sightless brothers and sisters. What seems to be most needed at present is coöperation:

By the employment of blind piano tuners, and of blind stenographers.

By purchasing goods made by blind workers. There is a section in Rothschild's department store, Chicago, where these goods are

sold, without profit to the firm. A larger patronage of this department would be helpful.

By giving orders to blind workers for chair caning, hammock making, any desired kind of basket, crocheted articles, etc., which can be made by the blind, but which may not happen to be found among the goods displayed at Rothschild's.



Superintendent Comstock Giving Lessons in Basketry to a Blind Pupil.

By spending a little time occasionally with some blind person, reading to him or otherwise bringing him information and activities for which sight is requisite.

Critical thoughts and words are usually unloving. Therefore such criticism is poisonous—always to the one who expresses it, and often to the one who hears it. But it is so popular! Try to live one day without speaking a critical word, or thinking a critical thought, of any human being, and see if the habit of criticism has not been popular with you. Test it as you listen to the conversation of others—but don't criticize them if you find it is popular with them! Love them out of it instead. Only love will crowd criticism out of ourselves. And we need to be cleansed and purged of it wholly, completely, and forever. It is so subtle, so inviting, so spontaneous, so attractive, so devilish, and so deadly. Our sin-habituated natures are so shot through and through with this poison that only a miracle of change can help us. Christ will work the change. When he is overwhelming us with his infilling presence, we do not poisonously criticize; we cleansingly love.—*Sunday-school Times*.

Heaven is like the life of Jesus with all the conflict of human sin left out. Heaven is like the feeding of the multitude in the wilderness with everybody sure to get ample to eat. Heaven is like the woman sinner from the street who bathed the feet of Jesus in her tears and wiped them with her hair. I do not want to know more than that. It is peace, joy, victory, triumph. It is life. It is love. It is tireless work, faithful and unselfish service going on forever. The way to achieve all this is to try to follow Christ today, tomorrow, and the day after through prayer and right living.—*Henry Van Dyke*.

That best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love.

—William Wordsworth.

# The "Peril" of the Immigrant

By Charles Stelzle

When a million or more immigrants come to America during a single year it makes most people wonder what is to become of our country, but the "peril of the immigrant" is for the most part a phantasy of the imagination. In spite of the fact that immigrants have been coming to America in such large numbers in recent years, it is interesting to note that the percentage of foreign born living in the United States at any one time has not materially changed since 1860. Following are some figures: In 1860 the percentage of foreigners in the United States was 13.2 per cent; in 1870 14.4 per cent; in 1880 13.3 per cent; in 1890 14.3 per cent; in 1900 13.7 per cent; in 1910 14.7 per cent. The constant percentage, therefore, is about 14.

During some years more than half as many immigrants returned to the fatherland as came to America. The condition of the labor market in America determines the number of foreigners that come and go, so that immigration is in a constant state of flux. The foreigner not only takes care of himself by returning to his native land during a time of industrial depression, where he can live more cheaply, but he also relieves the labor market of congestion which might result in great harm to the American worker.

## Immigrants Earn What They Take Back.

It has sometimes been declared with considerable feeling that the immigrant comes here merely for the purpose of making what is to him a small fortune and then returns to his own country, remaining there to spend this money; but, in the first place, he has honestly earned whatever he takes with him and has left more than its equivalent, and he has a right to do with it as he pleases. This is more than can be said of some Americans who go to foreign lands and spend small fortunes among an alien people.

But what about these immigrants? Are they a peril? Dr. Edward A. Steiner, who knows more about the human side of the immigration problem than any other man in America, recently declared that 5,000 strong-limbed, healthy-bodied immigrants landing at Ellis Island are more resourceful than as many average college graduates would be—and Steiner knows, for he is a college professor. They come to us, most of these immigrants, after their own countries have paid the cost of their education. They are ready to take up their day's work the moment they land on our American shore. We are often concerned about what we term the "new immigration," but Robert Watchorn, for several years commissioner of immigration at Ellis Island, once remarked: "If you give the Italian, the Hungarian and the Russian Jew half a chance, he will make the English and the Irish look like 30 cents." Presumably Mr. Watchorn knew what he was talking about, for he has studied literally millions of immigrants.

## Careful Inspection Rigidly Enforced.

In the early days there was no careful inspection of the immigrant. Many of them came to this country feeble or diseased, with the result that comparatively soon they became a burden upon our charities and unquestionably affected the health of the community through contagious diseases. But this is not the case today. The steamship companies are too heavily fined in case they transport an undesirable immigrant, so that they are usually careful in their inspection.

It is true that many of the immigrants are illiterate. Possibly 25 per cent of the persons fourteen years of age or over who

come to us can neither read nor write. Most of these come from the small towns or rural districts where the educational facilities are not as good as they are in the city, but it should be remembered that the most undesirable—that is, the criminal—classes among Europeans come from the cities and are usually the best educated. The test of literacy is not by any means the best one in our selection of the immigrant.

## Should Offer Inducements to Remain Here.

If the immigrant who makes a few thousand dollars in this country and returns with it is worth keeping in America, we should offer him the right kind of inducements to remain here. As a matter of fact, we stack him in shacks, we exploit him in our economic life, and we do not always give him a man's chance. He should be made to see the advantage of remaining in America after he has become a useful citizen.

But family relationships, the spare cash deposited in foreign savings banks, the pleading for loyalty on the part of the government, the constant inducement offered by the steamship companies and the natural love of the fatherland which exists in the heart of every patriot—all these have a tendency to pull them back. But suppose that the immigrant does return to the fatherland. He goes to tell of the greatness and the glory of America, and so it often happens that when the returned immigrant finds that the conditions which first drove him out have remained unchanged, back he comes, the leader of a band which also seeks its fortune in this wonderland where a man may earn four times as much as he earned at home; where women are honored as they are in no other part of the world; where even the rights of little children are respected. Here they find religious and political freedom, a chance to make the most of themselves and economic liberty such as they never knew before.

## America's Moral Responsibility.

Settling principally in large cities and influenced by segregative tendencies, they form their "Ghettos," their "Little Italys," their "Bohemian Hills," often retaining their old country social ideas and customs. Coming from lands where their privileges have been restricted, they become an easy prey to agitators. Sometimes the false economic doctrines accepted abroad influence their relationships in America. Purchased and led to the polls by corrupt politicians, they become a menace to the well-being of our country. But in spite of all this, the average foreigner will make a good citizen if the American will show him how. The real "peril" is in the American. A foreigner not yet naturalized wrote to friends in the fatherland: "America is a great country. They not only allow you to vote, but they pay you for voting." Who was responsible for such a situation?

It is the children of the foreigner who are our greatest peril, and they have received their training in this country. The criminal classes are largely augmented from among these children of respectable, hard-working foreigners. Any movement which seeks to help these children should be heartily supported. After all, it resolves itself into a question of neighborliness. Quit calling them "dagoes" and "sheenies" and "hunkies," and stop thinking of the foreigner as a problem. How would you like to be a "problem?" Think of the foreigner as a brother. This will help immensely on both sides.

# Rome's New Tack

By Mark Wayne Williams

I have just discovered a new move of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to capture Protestantism. I relate my experience and ask your counsel. Monday I attended the Baptist state convention at Berlin, Wisconsin, not with any idea of converting anybody, but of having fellowship with the ministers in their association meetings. Their banquet was served within the walls of the new granite Catholic Church of St. Joseph.

## Astonished at Announcement.

A gasp of astonishment greeted the announcement of the place and meeting. Some good followers of Roger Williams and Dr. Clifford refused to attend any such function held in the very precincts of the arch-

enemy of Protestantism. For myself, I am an ostrich, and I went resolutely to the feast. But as I went, I wondered. What new wile of Antichrist is here? What machination from the papacy seeks thus to entrap the most violent of all Protestant sects against her claims? What subtle and diabolical cunning is this, by which Rome would take from us that only remaining method by which Christian manhood nowadays can express its undying loyalty to religion, namely, a seventy-five cent banquet?

## Thought of St. Bartholomew's.

I shuddered as I thought of St. Bartholomew's massacre. Could it be while these

innocent and ardent Baptist clergymen were Christianly engaged in stuffing themselves to the glory of God, that the bottled up wrath of the Papal power would throttle them, with a biscuit, or stab them with a fish knife, or poison them with succulent oysters and creamy coffee? O, that I had the "Menace" to advise me, and a few honest Orangemen outside to rush in and rescue me just before the dessert. I recalled the Inquisition, and what awful roasts and stakes were the repast for Protestants. I remembered that prison cell at The Hague, where with the savoury smell of the kitchen wafted artfully to his nostrils, the victim was slowly starved to death.



### A Table in Hell's Vestibule.

With other trembling recruits, in number scarcely forty, heroes all of them, we entered the vestibule of hell and sat down to a sumptuous table. Flowers lured us with color and fragrance, music waltzed along the piano keys, beautiful and gracious ladies waited on our needs with siren smile and voice. The welcome, the evident hospitality, were not bought by the price of the ticket. Very vividly at first, but fainter and more faint the ghosts of Luther, Calvin, Knox, Huss, Zwingle, Hooper, Latimer, Ridley, Anne Askew passed before my bewildered mind. I beheld the fires of Smithfield, but I munched the delicious meats and salads; I remembered the Waldensians, but helped myself to a second portion of scalloped oysters; I viewed the starvation of Leyden

and the Dutch towns, and sipped my ice cream. I lost the sense of personal danger; I did not look for the ground glass in my coffee cup, but recklessly accepted another filling at the friendly persuasion of one of our kind hostesses.

### Toasts on Fellowship.

When the toasts began, I could see the Circean effect of the repast on the speakers. Their subject was "Fellowship." None of them had ever before eaten in the house of the Philistine. But, and here was the flaming peril of the whole thing, he was not merely astounded but gratified, to have had this hospitality in such a place and from such people. I had just been perusing Dr. Harry Guinness's book on Revelation, in which he establishes to the entire satisfaction of every trusting Baptist soul that

Rome is the Scarlet Woman seated on the Beast with ten heads. And we alas, were eating her salt, guests at her table, and so condoners of all her iniquity.

### New Edible Casuistry.

How subtle is this new edible casuistry! What the Jesuits of the pulpit could not accomplish these lady Jesuits of the table had effected with ease. Rome, the eternal, who could not, for all her power, conquer Protestantism by *auto de fés*, by theologic thunders, by political strategy, by all the arts of music, painting and architecture, by wealth and by supreme efficiency of organization, has conquered by the art of cookery. Where the mystery of the mass failed, the mystery of the palate prevailed. Milwaukee, Wis.

# The Son of Man—Delivered Up

A Sermon by G. Campbell Morgan

"The Son of Man is delivered up to be crucified."—Matthew 26:2.

The first thirty verses of this chapter are characterized by contrast, by conflict; and yet by a strange and arresting co-operation. We are in the vestibule of the Holy Place of the sacrifice of the ages. The air is heavy with the electric sense of approaching storm. Yet it seems so still, and clear, that we hear and see acutely, and things commonly veiled are startlingly revealed as we read these wonderful words. Let us attempt then reverently to listen and to watch. Our theme is the story of the whole paragraph, the key-note is that of the text. In these words of our Lord, spoken to his disciples, we have his introductory declaration to everything that was now to follow in the mission of the King. Let us first examine the words, and then the whole scene in their light.

It is well that we should remind ourselves in the first place of the occasion upon which our Lord uttered these particular words. Matthew is careful to tell us, "It came to pass, when Jesus had finished all these words." The declaration followed immediately upon the Olivet prophecy which is recorded for us in chapters twenty-four and twenty-five of this particular Gospel. When Jesus uttered the prophecy on Olivet, he was rejected by his own nation and he had rejected them. Solemn words had passed his lips: "The Kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." A sad and awful wail had passed those self-same lips: "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." He was strangely alone. A group of men were gathered round about him; his own disciples, those whom, having loved, he loved unto the end; and that in spite of their failure to understand him. But they were unenlightened, were entirely unable to apprehend the profoundest passion of his heart, or the things that he was saying to them. There he sat upon Olivet's slope, outside the city of his love, surrounded by a few men utterly unable to come near to him in the deepest and profoundest things of his spiritual life.

### A Far Look.

And yet I pray you observe his dignity, his authority, the glory of his outlook, the assurance of his words, the unfaltering courage and confidence of every sentence that he uttered. He was looking on, far beyond the immediate surroundings; his glance encompassing the centuries that lay ahead, and the millenniums. He had been thinking of the ages yet to come in the economy of God for this world; and as he uttered his prophecy we are amazed at the clarity of his vision; but more amazed at his assumption of authority, and his absolute certainty of victory. He speaks of things immediate; and then of things nigh at hand, of the destruction of Jerusalem and strange ex-

periences through which friends and foes alike would pass in the coming days; until at last, in a passage which, if I may reverently say such a thing of the Lord, was characterized by singular majesty and beauty of diction, he drew a picture of all nations being gathered before him, and he alone the arbitrator of their destinies, finding his verdicts, passing his sentences.

Having uttered his prophecy, suddenly, startlingly, he recalled them to the thing he had been speaking of through all those months, but with a new emphasis; declaring no longer that it is necessary that these things should be, but that the hour had come. "The Son of Man is delivered up to be crucified."

### He Was Free.

Now as a matter of fact, at the moment when he said this he was perfectly free; I speak entirely within the limitations of the moment, and the human—he could have escaped. He was not arrested. It would have been perfectly easy for him to do what his disciples had urged him to do again and yet again; in the quiet silence of the night he might have left Jerusalem. It is perfectly true, as we shall see, that men everywhere were plotting for his arrest, that one of his own number was in the intrigue, but at the moment he was not arrested, he was free.

The difficulty had been recognized by expositors, and I find that one has suggested that he used the present tense for the future; and another that he used the full relative present, as though he had said, "The Son of Man is being delivered up." But you will immediately see that all this is gratuitous. He said, "The Son of Man is delivered up;" and I abide by the thing he said, that which was simply and actually true at the moment when he said it. As yet not apprehended, as yet not within the final meshes that were being woven around him by his enemies, he saw all the future clearly, and he spoke with quiet, calm assurance. Speaking first within the terms of a calendar with which they were familiar, he said, "Ye know that after two days the passover cometh," and then, "the Son of Man is delivered up." That was the statement of One who spoke in that eternal present which was the tense of his deepest nature and his profoundest life. That was the statement of One who had already said to his enemies, "Before Abraham was, I am," thus putting into contrast the past tense of the founder of the nation with the ever-present tense of his own consciousness; and claiming that his own abiding consciousness antedated the past experience of the founder.

### The Eternal Present.

And yet it is perfectly evident that our Lord was now drawing their attention to the fact that the actual crucifixion was imminent. That was the accommodation of the eternal present of his own consciousness,

to the tenses of their consciousness. He spoke to them because the eternal was merging into the temporal; that which was abidingly true in his own consciousness, from the standpoint to which we shall come in a moment, was now about to become patently, observantly, historically true. In that declaration he indicated to them the fact that the deliverance which was the initiation of their own national history, and of which the passover was but a shadow, was about to be fulfilled. This was no mere passing intuition, foretelling something that was about to happen. It was a profound declaration that the thing which is, in the divine economy, was now to become visible in human history. "The Son of Man is delivered up."

### Compelling Love.

It was language which revealed the voluntary nature of the sacrifice of the Son of God. It was language expressive of the great volition; it was language that defied all the attempts that his enemies were making to arrest him! In effect, he who sat in the heavens laughed, and had in derision the men who were set against his anointed! And the laughter and derision of God were born of the fact that through the processes of their opposition he was marching to their salvation, and to their ultimate redemption! There came a day when his great apostle to the Gentiles wrote these words, "Who loved me, and gave himself up for me." The word there rendered "gave" is the same Greek word as the word here translated "delivered up." He loved me, and delivered up himself for me. He was delivered, not by Judas, not by the priests, not by the rulers, not by the Roman procurator; but by the infinite, overwhelming, all-compelling passion of the heart of God.

Thus the little incidents of time and space, and of human calendars and almanacs are lost; and in the vestibule of the Holy Place of the sacrifice of the ages, we hear the Master say, "The Son of Man is delivered up to be crucified."

Reverently we now turn back to the whole paragraph, that we may survey the scene or scenes in the light of that declaration.

### Strange Co-operation.

If we watch, I think that the first matter to impress us—let me put it from the standpoint of personal experience—the first matter that has impressed my soul in the reading of this paragraph is that of the wonderfully strange co-operation that is manifest. God in himself and through his Son is seen moving toward the cross; the Son declaring that he is delivered to be crucified; according to a Pentecostal interpretation, the Son delivered up by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God. On the other hand, Satan in himself and through his children, through those to whom Jesus had but recently said, "Ye are of your father the devil," who "was a murderer from the beginning,"

and "a liar, and the father thereof,"—Satan, through his children, moving toward the cross, determined that it should be erected, plotting for it. Then, back in those earlier days, Mary at Bethany preparing him for his burial; with the keen intuition of the heart of a woman, seeing the shadows upon his face more clearly than others saw, desiring to do something that would tell him she saw and understood, breaking all the bonds of prudence as she poured the spikenard upon feet and head, preparing him, as he said, for his burial. Judas going to the priest, saying, "What will you give me," plotting for his death.

#### The Strangest Conflict.

Now, is not all this in itself strange and arresting? Heaven, and earth, and hell, all at work against each other, toward one end and purpose. The strangest of all conflicts, and yet the most marvelous of all co-operations. God, in the person of his son moving toward the cross, arranging for it; Satan expressing himself through his emissaries, moving toward the cross, arranging for it; Mary sweet and tender lover of the Lord, anointing him for burial; Judas, base, a master traitor, sacrificing his Lord for thirty pieces of silver. God and Satan, Mary and Judas, co-operating toward the cross. It is the wonder of all wonders; one of the most amazing pictures in the New Testament!

#### At All Costs.

What is the divine intention? As God in his Son moves toward the cross, my enquiry may be answered by the simplest of all statements, but verily there is none better. The divine intention is at all costs to save men. What was the intention of Satan as he moved toward the cross? It was the intention at all costs to destroy the Savior. Thus we see two opposing purposes of the universe concerning humanity, moving to the same goal, but with an entirely different intention. God set upon saving men at all costs; Satan set upon the destruction of the Savior.

When I come into the realm of that which is more visible and more patent, I have again a striking revelation of conflict of method. Jesus said, "In two days is the passover, and the Son of Man is delivered

up to be crucified." The priests and the elders said, "Not at the feast, lest there be an uproar among the people." Notice the conflict of method, in what it reveals of the underlying principles and purposes. Begin with the priests. "Not at the feast." Why not? It was the language of temporizing policy; we mean to kill him, but we must be careful; not at the feast; there will be an uproar! There you have a revelation of the whole genius of that which is common in government and authority; the whole genius of that which renders a people distressed, scattered, undone; the whole genius of that against which Jesus himself had flung himself with almost relentless fury in his teaching. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites." That is the genius of all false government; a policy which temporizes is affected only by the temporal concerns and temporal interests.

#### Contrasts.

Over against that is the language of Jesus, the voice of God. "At the passover." And why at the passover? Because in all his appointments of feasts and fasts, of ceremonies and rituals, in the ancient economy, there had been profound and eternal significance; and now with the finest delicacy of fulfillment, God kisses his symbol into actuality; and the actual, ultimate, final passover in human history shall be accomplished at the hour of the passover among the people to which it had symbolized things yet to be. On the one hand, the mastery of eternal principle; on the other subservience to temporal policy.

But there is one more contrast. I leave the first paragraph and the second, which chronologically is first, and I come to the passover itself, and to the feast. And I ask you in all quietness and solemnity, and I shall use as few words as I know how to look at the contrast. Behold Judas at the passover; and Jesus at the passover.

Incarnate evil sitting as a guest receiving the hospitality of Jesus, while all the time in possession of the blood-money of the Son of God; maintaining hypocrisy to the end by asking, "Rabbi, is it I?" That defies exposition.

Incarnate love, sitting with the betrayer,

suddenly breaking out in thanksgiving, in prospect of the suffering which should make possible the saving even of Judas, if Judas will but trust him. That is the ultimate contrast of the scene.

#### The Conflict.

Let our final thought center upon the conflict. God, determined upon the cross in order to the saving of men; Satan, determined upon the cross in order to the destruction of the Savior! My question seems almost irreverent—I pause, and yet I must put it. Who won? If Christ rose not, then I am of all men most pitiable. If Christ rose not, God failed, and Satan won. I greet you! He rose; and I cannot end this meditation in the vestibule, save as I recognize that there flashes back upon it all the light of the resurrection morning. And by that sign and token I know that God won!

Ah! how those words follow me. Some of my nearest friends will be tired of hearing me repeat them, but I cannot help it; "The death grapple in the darkness," "Twixt old systems and the Word!"

In that conflict it was the Word which was victorious; and not the old systems. There sin and grace came to grips, and not grace destroyed; but sin. The victory was with the Son of God.

#### More Than History.

All this is more than history. "The Son of Man is delivered up," not at this moment, on this day of our calendar, delivered up by sin to death, in order that sin may live; but delivered up by God to death in order that sin may die, and men may live. What shall I do with this death? Shall I trust it, or shall I spurn it? Upon my answer to that question will depend—because I have heard the evangel, because I have stood under the shadow of his cross—upon my answer to that will depend my relation to God through the ages that are to come.

Then be it mine to say, so help me God, so help me God,

I take, Oh cross! thy shadow  
For my abiding place;  
Content to let the world go by,  
To know no gain or loss;  
My sinful self, my only shame,  
My glory all the cross.

## Congregational Singing

### A Plea for the Average Man

By C. Silvester Horne

In the British Congregationalist.

As the weather-bound holiday-maker, with no music but the minor melody of the rain upon the windows, my thoughts turned to the new hymnal which is rumored to be nearing completion, and which will dominate Congregationalism for the next generation. That the book will be admirable is guaranteed by the names of the committee. I had better say at once that I am in no secrets. Let me say further that I have no sort of qualification to be a critic. I write this as a humble representative of the average person. Experience has convinced me that his tastes are mine. He likes a good "sing." So do I. He likes tunes that are singable by other people than those who are qualified for membership of the choir. He likes hymns that are understandable, and so do I. He is not a morbid, introspective person with an unhealthy interest in the anatomy of his soul, and, anyhow, spiritual anatomy would not strike him as a good subject for poetry. He goes to church principally to learn to forget himself and think of God and his fellows.

#### Like the Primitive Christians.

He is very near in feeling to the primitive Christians who were exhorted to encourage one another in hymns and spiritual songs. His songs will not be about himself, for he does not think himself a very good theme to inspire worship. He wants to realize God, and to be inspired for His service. Will our hymns carry him out of himself, and strengthen him in religious imagination and

aspiration? That is the main question about the new hymn-book.

The average person is not gifted with exceptional fastidiousness. There are, no doubt, refinements of theological thought and musical expression which give sincere pleasure to the theological and musical elect. Something, no doubt, is due to these rare souls. We are anxious that they should have a sense of hospitality when they come among us, and if we can provide for their edification, why not? But I feel that they must not set the standard if the great body of our people is to find in the new book a vehicle of worship. Speaking for my clients, I beg the committee to remember our simple and crude musical taste. For myself, whenever any speaker refers in eloquent terms to Bach I make a point of applauding him.

#### The Experts.

The experts have told me what I ought to like, and shall a mere novice such as I am presume to doubt their judgment? But in weak moments I have confessed to friends that Bach bores me to distraction, and that I occasionally yearn for "something resembling an air." Fine music is all very well, but I would rather dethrone every choir in Christendom than deprive the average worshipper of his privilege of making a joyful noise in a tune that has been sanctified by generations of humble singers who are as innocent of Grieg and Berlioz as I am.

#### Music That Compels.

The finest effects in worship are produced not by choral but by congregational singing, and we want music, not that discourages the unmusical, but that compels us to join in by the indefinable magic of a great tune over the souls of the people. Particularly is this the case, if I may say so, where we are dealing with hymns that have become classics. Once in a generation some one may be inspired to write a new and worthy setting for one of these famous lyrics. But our present hymnal sinned grievously in insulting the majesty of some of the greatest of all hymns by wedding them to utterly unequal tunes. If "Rock of Ages" is the greatest hymn in the language, I should suppose "God moves in a mysterious way" would come second; and is there any conceivable defense of setting the latter to one of the least suitable of Dr. Dykes' tunes? In twenty years I have not felt justified in giving it out more than once, and even then we sang it with the emotion suitable to a "regrettable necessity."

#### Murdering Old Hymns.

It was not lack of fine, old tunes that drove the compilers of the present hymnal to commit this species of murder. For how many old tunes of merit and power they rejected! Neither its choral beauty—had they never heard it sung, say, in a great Continental cathedral!—nor the historic interest of its composition availed to secure a place for "Innocents," "Mariners" no less.

(Continued on page 15.)



# MODERN WOMANHOOD

Conducted by Mrs. Ida Withers Harrison.

Mrs. Harrison will be glad to receive communications from any of her readers offering suggestions concerning woman's welfare, criticisms of articles or inquiries concerning any matters relevant to her department. She should be addressed directly at 630 Elm Tree Lane, Lexington, Ky.

## MRS. JIMMIE—AND JIMMIE

AN EXCERPT FROM REAL LIFE.

"Jimmie, dear." The bright sweetness of Mrs. Jimmie's voice was a bit dimmed by sleep. "Jimmie, dear, that's the seven o'clock whistle. You won't mind if I don't get up for breakfast? I have a wee bit of a headache and I simply must go to Mrs. James' luncheon, this afternoon. You are a dear, good husband. There are plenty of eggs and some fresh doughnuts in the jar under the pantry shelf. Oh, I wish you would dress Randolph before you go down.

"Randolph, dear, come to mamma a minute. You can run over and play with Jeanette this morning if you would like to. He can go as far as the tracks with you, Jimmie. Come, and love me just a minute, both of you. There, now, run along. O Jimmie, you wouldn't mind 'phoning for the groceries when you go down stairs? The list is right on the top of the 'phone."

Jimmie took Randolph's hand, leading him out, and closed the door softly. Mrs. Jimmie tucked her dimpled hand under her cheek and, with a contented little sigh as of duty well done, drifted off into dreamland again.

An hour later she was roused by the hurried closing of the front door. "Oh, I'm afraid Jimmie's late again," she groaned. "It does seem to take him so long to get off. I can't understand why, but he probably mislaid his dreadful bag of briefs again. If any man ever needed a wife to take care of him, it's Jimmie Brandon. I hope he didn't forget Mrs. Peters' grapefruit when he 'phoned." And Mrs. Jimmie settled down again for "forty winks."

When at last she and the grapefruit appeared at old Mrs. Peters' door, the wrinkled face of that sufferer brightened perceptibly.

"Well, dear little Auntie Peters, how are you this morning? No, I mustn't sit down. See what I've brought. Can't I fix it for you? No, I can't sit down. Think of it, I only this minute got up! Am I not lazy? I don't suppose you ever had breakfast after seven o'clock. Well, just a minute till your daughter comes back. Jimmie got his own breakfast this morning, and you know how the pantry must look. I didn't dare peep in for fear I would want to fix it up and wouldn't get over here."

She laid a caressing hand on Mrs. Peters. "Did you have a good night?" she asked sympathetically. "I'm so glad. You know I haven't been sleeping very well lately. This hot weather seems to make Randolph so restless. You know he sleeps in our room on the cot. Every time he turns over he wakes me up. It's a mother's way, I suppose, to rouse at the first sound. So Jimmie made me move right into the spare bedroom. Isn't he a dear, good husband?"

"Isn't it dreadful about Harry Sheffield? Have you noticed how many men here in town, just about forty, have gone to pieces lately? Harry was thirty-eight and Will Graves was forty-four and John Drake was just about the same age. It's been a lesson to me. You know Jimmie is just thirty-nine. I can hardly sleep for worrying. I simply don't let Jimmie do a thing about the house now. I think when a man has worked all day as hard as he does at the office he ought to relax when he gets home, don't you?"

"I'm going to have Jimmie sleep outdoors. He is screening in the upper porch now at odd times. It's hard to get him at it—he seems just to want to drop down in a chair when he gets home. But think how nice it will be for him when it's done! I've always wanted to sleep outdoors. I tell Jimmie it will add ten years to his life.

"Poor Harry Sheffield! I should think Mrs. Sheffield would feel terribly. She told me herself that they had given a dinner every Sunday since they were married and seldom had less than twelve at the table. She's never had a maid, you know. When I asked her how she managed it, she said that they worked Saturday night after Harry came home from the store, and Sunday morning they set the table and had everything ready before church time; for Harry wouldn't miss church. Sunday night, after everybody was gone, they did up the dishes together and they never went to bed, she said, till everything was in perfect order again, for they always got out the washing Monday morning before Harry went down-town. I couldn't help thinking when I heard of his death that maybe if they hadn't entertained so much he would have lived longer. We wives have such a dreadful responsibility these days, when there is such a high tension in business.

"It was just the same with John Drake. Out of office hours there was always the garden, and Mrs. Drake would follow him around to get him to work. Of course men are like that—Jimmie

always likes me around when he does anything. Besides, you have to watch him. He gets to thinking of some old law case, and this spring, though I was right at his elbow, up came a root of phlox. But Mrs. Drake never gave him a moment's rest. Then they ate in the kitchen a lot to save her steps. That isn't exactly restful to a man. Do you think so?"

"Dear, dear! There is Jimmie and I haven't a single thing started for dinner. Fortunately I have a dozen bananas. Jimmie is perfectly happy when he can have all the bananas and cream he wants. If he likes them I suppose they are good for him. I think a simple diet is better anyway for all of us now that it is warm weather."

She dropped another kiss on Mrs. Peters' forehead and tripped to the door.

"Jimmie, O Jimmie!" She waved gayly and Jimmie turned back to her. She slipped a caressing small hand through his arm and gave it a playful squeeze. "Don't you want to go and get Randolph? There, we'll go together. It will be like a wee honeymoon trip, won't it? Think what I am going to give you for dinner! Bananas and cream! Mrs. Mayhew sent over a cup of the most delicious cream.

"Randolph, Randolph! I'm afraid he's inside. I hope he isn't troubling Mrs. Greely. Why, Randolph, did Auntie Greely invite you to dinner? You'd better come home. Well, dear, yes, you may stay just this once, if Mrs. Greely is quite sure you are not in the way. But be sure you come home by five o'clock. Mrs. Greely will tell you when it's time. Here, give mamma a kiss. Be a good boy.

"You blessed lady," Mrs. Jimmie turned to Mrs. Greely with a seraphic smile, "I always feel so safe when I know he is over here, but I am sure I don't see how you can stand all the children. I never could. I'm too nervous. I suppose it's all in getting used to it; and it is different when you have several of your own—one more doesn't make any difference. That's the only comfort I have when I let Randolph come over. They all seem to have such a good time and I can hardly keep Randolph away. Well, this boy must have his dinner." She patted Jimmie's hand.

"Oh, Jimmie! it isn't almost one? How time does fly, and I must be at that luncheon at three. Run out, dear, and get the bananas and the cream—they're on the top shelf of the refrigerator. It will save time to sit right down at the kitchen table. You don't mind if we don't have a tablecloth, do you? Since you put on this new piece of zinc I've just been dying to eat on it. Isn't it comfy? It seems just like the first day we moved in here. Do you remember how tired we were?"

"What! must you go? Oh, that tiresome old case! Why should a man want to see you just at dinner time? I'm afraid you haven't eaten slowly. Ellen Graves told me that was what killed Will. You must be good to yourself for your little wife's sake." Mrs. Jimmie stood on the top step of the porch and blew him a kiss. "Don't you want to turn on the hose as you go past? It'll only take a minute. Be good to my boy and don't get too tired."

About half-past six that evening Mrs. Jimmie came up the hill, daintily holding her filmy white skirts away from the dusty walk.

"Why, Jimmie, are you here? Um, we had such a good luncheon, I thought I should never want to eat again today, but mamma noticed how tired I was, as I came past from Mrs. James', and she made me come in and lie down for an hour, and now I am as hungry as ever. Let's sit down on the steps just a moment before we go in. Is my boy tired?" She touched his forehead with her small, gloved hand. "You mustn't go to overdoing and breaking the heart of your little girl. There, I'm going to sit right here. Put your foot down and let me lean on you—no, that way. Now I'm all right and comfortable.

"I'm so glad our house fronts the east, because I never get tired of these sunset afterglows. It's lovelier than even the western view. And just see that glorious harvest moon come sliding out of the purple haze down the valley. It makes me think of that summer before we were married when we used to walk out to the bluff to watch her come up. Now we are just old married people and sit still. Do you mind being old and married?" She drew his face down and kissed it. It was rather awkward for Jimmie, but he liked it nevertheless.

"Well, I suppose we must have supper," she went on in a moment. "I tell you what, you run out into the garden and see whether there isn't some good green corn while I go and change my dress. You'd better husk it out there, and maybe you'd better dig a hill of potatoes. Wash them at the hydrant. Oh,

yes, you might feed the chickens, too. It will be nice to get the chores done early, then we'll have a half hour to work on the porch-screening. But maybe tonight we had better mend the cellar door."

Jimmie was just coming in with the corn and potatoes as Mrs. Jimmie appeared in a pretty tan house-gown, buttoning on an apron.

"Oh, aren't they too lovely for anything! While I put on the water for them, don't you want to run out and get the bedding? It was so sunny that I thought the blankets ought to be aired. You can carry them right upstairs, dear. And when you get down again, you'd better 'phone to Mrs. Greely's and tell her to send Randolph home. She looked this noon as if she had a head-

ache, and this is the third day in succession that Randolph has been there from morning to night. It would be dreadful for me, if I did not know he was so well taken care of. He's probably had his supper. That's just like dear Mrs. Greely.

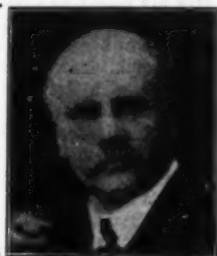
"I think I'll do the dishes while the vegetables are cooking. You see I haven't had a moment's time since the Gays were here for dinner yesterday and there's a shocking lot of them. Oh, are you going to help? What a dear man you are! I tell you, while I'm getting enough to pay to rinse, you could empty the pan under the refrigerator. I noticed it was running over before I went to Mrs. James', but I had on my best dress and couldn't attend to it. My, a house is such a responsibility! A man never realizes it."—*Exchange*.

## THE HIGH CALLING

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

AUTHOR OF "IN HIS STEPS."

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### CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.)

It seemed to Bauer that Clifford was a little sober over his philosophy. But during the day he was jolly and high-spirited, keeping the whole company at concert pitch with his stories and fun. But through it all ran a thread of sombre hue as the thought of Ansa obtruded.

When the river was reached the party anxiously scanned its muddy stretch to see if it was too high to ford. Big rains had come down from the mountains during their absence from the mission and the banks were pressing full. Elijah, however, thought it safe to make the ford, and after a somewhat exciting and perilous passage they got across and by night of that day were at the mission where they were joyfully welcomed by the mission workers and the news that Dr. West had come in two days before, and had declared Ansa out of danger and rapidly recovering. After supper Mr. and Mrs. Masters, Miss Clifford, Miss Gray and Elijah, the Douglasses and Bauer, and Dr. West met in the school-room and held a Thanksgiving service. The last thing that night that Bauer was conscious of was the memory of Elijah Clifford's prayer. He had never heard anything to equal it for tenderness and exaltation of feeling.

The Douglasses were to leave for Milton in three days. The last day of their stay at the mission Helen was sitting on the old cottonwood log by the river when Miss Gray came down and sat by her, going over some of the desert experiences.

After a while Helen said: "We have not had any opportunity to talk over the matter I mentioned at Oraibi. I don't think it's necessary now."

Miss Gray looked very much pleased.

"I am more than relieved to hear you say that. If I had thought there was any danger to you—I would have warned you—I did not realize that there was any—"

"There was, for a little while," Helen said in a low voice, not looking up. "It has passed."

"Anything I could say now would only revive a painful memory. Only, I feel as if out of justice to what your mother may have said to you I ought to confirm it. Helen—if you had come to such an impossible act as becoming the wife of Ross Van Shaw, it would have been the ruin of your life. I must say this—Van Shaw was engaged to my sister during his first year at Burrton. She is remarkably like you in many ways—a great lover of wealth and luxury. Van Shaw broke her heart by his conduct. Let us not

say any more. I did not mean to say this much." Miss Gray exhibited an agitation that Helen had never seen in her before. "You need not fear for me any more," Helen said earnestly. "I begin to see more and more the danger I was in. I am thankful to escape."

She began to tell Miss Gray about the meeting between Mrs. Van Shaw and Bauer. That led naturally to enthusiastic comments on the bravery of Bauer and Clifford.

"Your brother Walter said when he left for Milton the day of our arrival here that he would have given anything to have had the courage to do what Bauer did."

"It seems to me that Mr. Clifford was just as brave."

"Yes, only he insists that he had a lantern and that he was greatly helped when he got down on the ledge by having the lantern to brace his feet against. Did you ever see anyone so absurd or so brave—as Elijah Clifford?"

"No, unless it is yourself."

Miss Gray blushed.

"I am not brave. I am a coward in many ways. Why, I am down here because I delight to do this work. It is no cross for me. And—in other ways I am a coward. And—I am very proud. Tell me, Helen, do you think of Elijah Clifford as—as an illiterate man? Does he seem to you like—like an ignorant person?"

Helen was astonished at the question and could not help noticing her friend's embarrassment.

"No. It has always seemed to me that Mr. Clifford was a remarkably intelligent and refined character for one who had never had a college education. I would never think of him as illiterate or ignorant. He uses beautiful language. I have never heard such English as he uses in his prayers. And he is a good linguist. I heard Mr. Masters say only this morning that he didn't know what he would do without Clifford's help in translation."

Miss Gray looked pleased, but her face glowed in anticipation of what she was about to say.

"Helen, I am going to confide in you. There is no one here at the mission I want to share with me in this and—and—I feel as if I wanted to talk with you about it. Mr. Clifford has asked me two different times to be his wife, and each time I have refused. And each time it was not because I did not respect and admire him, but because I thought I did not love him and most of all because I felt superior to him in education.

I have been to college. It seemed to me as if I should be marrying beneath my rank if I were to be his wife. Do you think I should?"

"Should what? Be his wife?"

Lucy Gray blushed and laughed.

"You know what I meant. Should I make a mistake in marrying him or does it seem to you that I should run the risk of being disappointed in him all the time simply because I am college bred and he is not?"

"No," said Helen frankly. "I believe Mr. Clifford is the kind of man to satisfy you in that respect. He is studying all the time. I believe he can almost read Hermann and Dorothea now." Helen said it with a significant emphasis which made Miss Gray blush again. And then she added—"Lucy, you said you thought you did not love him and that was the reason you said no. Have you changed your mind?"

"Yes. Oh, I can't help myself! Let me tell you. That night at Oraibi when I first knew that Elijah had gone down there to rescue Bauer and Van Shaw I learned how much he meant to me. I believe I would have gone there myself if Mr. Masters and your father had not been quick-witted enough to take the rope the workmen had left out there by the great rock cistern, the first one in all Oraibi. When the three men were pulled up you remember Mr. Clifford was the last. I know that I pulled with the others, but I believe I never thought of either Bauer or Van Shaw. All I cared for was Elijah. I blistered my hands, see!" She opened her palms for Helen to look. "But I never told anyone. And even when he was telling that night about it, I seemed to see him slipping, slipping over that horrible ledge and I just couldn't help actually putting out my hand to draw him back. They say that college graduate young women don't know how to fall in love and that they don't get married because young men are afraid of them, they are so prim and intellectual and superior, but, oh, Helen, I am almost ready to propose to Elijah myself. I love him so much. Isn't that dreadful for a schoolma'am and a college graduate, and especially after she has refused him twice? What would he say?"

"I think he would say yes," replied Helen, delighted to be the confidant in this desert romance.

"I didn't mean that. I mean what would he say if he knew what I had been confessing to you? I would lose his respect."

"And gain his love," laughed Helen. "Lucy, I don't believe it is all hopeless. And you



don't need to fear that you are too intellectually superior to Mr. Clifford. After you are married you will find that he will go on developing mentally."

"He is my superior now in nearly every true thing," said Miss Gray. The blush was still on her cheek and the love-light in her eye. At that moment she was recalled to the mission building by one of the children. As she left Helen she said to her, "I trust you respect my confidence."

Helen sat on the old cottonwood, her eyes on the river, her thoughts musing over her friend's story. She was so absorbed in it that she did not notice Bauer until he was near the end of the log.

"Oh!" she said a little nervously and then quickly, "Won't you sit down? This seems to be the only seat in the park."

Bauer sat down gravely and Helen asked him politely how he was feeling.

Bauer's face lightened so that for a second he looked almost handsome.

"That is partly what I came down to tell you. Doctor West has given me a very careful examination. He says my hemorrhages are not permanent. There is no reason, he says, why I may not entirely recover, even to the extent of going back to school again."

"Will you go back soon?"

"No, he advises me to stay here this winter. I can help Mr. Masters with the trading, handling the rugs that are sold for profit for the mission work. I begin to feel quite strong again."

He sat there silently watching the thick, muddy flow of the stream. His face in repose was almost stern. Helen glanced at it timidly and could hardly realize that she was sitting so near to a real hero, one who had risked his life to save an enemy.

"I haven't ever told you, Mr. Bauer, what admiration I feel for your act that night. I think it was the most courageous thing I ever knew."

Bauer turned his head and looked full at her. His eyes were, as Helen had once said, the most splendid she had ever seen. This time they looked at her with a calm sadness that compelled her own to waver and finally to drop.

"Loben ist nicht lieben," repeated Bauer. firmly. It was the nearest he had ever come to declaring himself, in words. And Helen was the most deficient girl, Walter always said, when it came to languages. She did not know German and did not care to learn. Miss Gray had laughed at her more than once on account of her obtuseness. So Helen now, with some heightened color, said as she raised her eyes.

"What does that mean?"

"Loben ist nicht Lieben," repeated Bauer.

"Won't you translate it?" asked Helen petulantly. "You know I never understood German."

"I—can't," said Bauer. And to Helen's surprise, he abruptly got up and walked away.

"Loben ist nicht lieben," she softly murmured. "I'll ask Lucy what it means. But he needn't have gone so. He has no manners. I do not think he is nice."

That night after supper she found Miss Gray alone in the school-room.

"Lucy, what does this German mean. As near as I can pronounce it, it sounds like this. 'Loben ist nicht lieben'?"

"Say it again."

Helen repeated the sentence.

"Oh! Why, it sounds like 'praising is not loving.' Where did you hear it?"

"Oh, I heard it. I wondered what it meant. You know I don't care for German."

"Nor for the German?" Miss Gray ventured.

(To be continued.)

## Church Life

W. A. Boggess, recently closed a meeting with A. J. Bush at San Benito, Tex.

Revival services are in progress at Deland, Ill., with ten additions reported.

H. A. Denton, formerly of Tray, N. Y., has taken up the work at Galesburg, Ill.

V. L. King of East Palestine, O., has resigned to take up the work at Ford City, Pa.

Champ Clark spoke recently to a large audience at William Woods College, Fulton, Mo.

The Kansas state convention was held this year at Larned, Oct. 7-10, with a large attendance.

I. A. Cahill, secretary of Ohio missions, gave an address at Second Church, Warren, O., recently.

Arthur Stout is returning to his former pastorate at Artesia, N. M., after an absence of three years.

The Sunday-schools of Logansport, Ind., held a parade on Oct. 6, in which 3,300 people were in line.

Charles S. Earley has closed a successful meeting at Star City, Ind., with 51 responses during the campaign.

Thomas Penn Ullom is in charge of the mission church at Lynn, Mass., while taking some special work in Harvard University.

W. G. Eldred, for four years pastor at Carlisle, Ky., has accepted the call of his congregation to remain with them another year.

George B. Stewart is supplying the pulpit of First Church, Philadelphia, for several weeks during October, in the absence of the pastor.

F. D. Kershner of Fort Worth, president of Texas Christian University, occupied the pulpit of First Church, Temple, Tex., on a recent Sunday.

The corner-stone of the new church at Colfax, Ind., was laid on Oct. 6. L. E. Brown, pastor of Central Church, Lebanon, Ind., gave the address.

The Ministerial Association of Johnson County (Iowa) will hold its annual meeting at Iowa City, Nov. 4. A good programme has been arranged.

The new church at Sciota, Ill., recently completed at a cost of \$8,000, was dedicated recently by George A. Snively. J. F. Smith is pastor of this congregation.

J. H. Hughes has tendered his resignation as pastor of First Church, Temple, Tex., to take effect Dec. 4. Mr. Hughes will make his home in California in the future.

The new church at Oakland, Ore., was dedicated on Oct. 6. The sermon was preached by J. N. McConnell of Roseburg, assisted by George H. Ramsey, F. M. Brooks and Harold Richards.

The church at Mackinaw, Ill., J. W. Street, pastor, celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary on Sunday, Oct. 6. Edgar De Witt Jones, of First Church, Bloomington, Ill., preached the sermon.

A successful rally was recently held by the Sunday-school at Table Grove, Ill. A parade was given, followed by the promotion of classes. The attendance was large and encouraging to the officers of the school.

Albert Nichols of Winfield, Kan., has taken charge of the pastorate of the McLemore Avenue Church, Memphis, Tenn. He succeeds Louis D. Riddell, who has resigned on account of ill health after a long ministry.

Disciples of Indiana County, (Pa.) held their annual convention with the church at Clymer, where W. W. Johnston holds the pastorate. Lawson Campbell of Indiana is president of the county organization.

D. O. Cunningham, who is stationed on the mission field at Marda, India, spoke at the Sunday evening service, Oct. 6., at Waynesburg, Pa. Mr. Cunningham is supported as a living link by the church in Findlay, O.

Henry Pearce Atkins has resigned as pastor of the Allen Avenue Church, Richmond, Va., to accept a call extended to him by the Broad Street Church, Columbus, O., succeeding H. Newton Miller, who resigned several months ago.

The sessions of the state conference of charities and correction are being held in First Church, Springfield, Ill., this week. A number of other child welfare organizations are holding their annual meetings in conjunction with it.

The annual convention of the Mississippi churches was held Oct. 7-10 at Meridian, with a large attendance. Among the speakers were J. H. Mohorter, Grant K. Lewis, G. W. Muckley and J. C. Ogden, for several years a missionary in Thibet.

The church at Maryville, Mo., is making progress, having had accessions at the Sunday services for the past eight weeks. The congregations sent their pastor, Claude J. Miller to Louisville, paying all his expenses. Mr. Miller recently held a two weeks' meeting at Burlington Junction, Mo., with fifty accessions.

At the annual meeting of Central Church, Rockford, Ill., the pastor, W. B. Clemmer, was given a unanimous invitation to remain. Resolutions were also passed expressing appreciation of Mr. Clemmer's work in bringing about the erection of their building, and for the work of C. G. Kindred of Chicago, who recently conducted a meeting there.

M. M. Davis, pastor of Ross Avenue Church, Dallas, Tex., preached an anniversary sermon on Oct. 6, commemorating his twenty-two years of work in the Dallas ministry. Mr. Davis was for eighteen years pastor of Central Church, during which time six new organizations were formed from this congregation.

At a recent meeting in the interests of the foreign work at Central Church, Uniontown, Pa., the foreign field was represented by Dr. Royal J. Dye, D. O. Cunningham, Bruce L. Kershner, A. L. Shelton and A. E. Cary. H. Maxwell Hall, pastor of this church, at a recent Sunday evening service, gave an interesting historical sketch of the Disciples of Christ.

An enthusiastic rally was held on a recent Sunday at First Church, San Bernardino, Cal., where A. F. Roadhouse ministers. The principal address was made by M. D. Clubb, of Los Angeles, secretary of the Southern California district, and short talks were also given by W. B. Craig of Redlands and S. T. Martin of Rialto. The sum of \$5,100 was raised at this service to apply on the church debt and for other expenses.

Dr. Peter Ainslie's book, "God and Me," has been translated into Hindu and published by the Christian Mission Press in India. Some missionaries in South America are making a Spanish translation of it. The book has a vital message.

More than a score of his former parishioners came from Taylorville to Peoria, Ill., on a recent Sunday to pay a complimentary visit to M. L. Pontius, pastor Central Church of Peoria. They were entertained in the homes of the church members.

The fourth annual "Old Folks Service" at Central Church, Dallas, Tex., was held on Sunday, October 6. Automobiles were sent all over the city to bring old people to the church. This is a beautiful service and is very popular as conducted by J. O. Shelburne, the pastor.

The church at Greensburg, Ind., observed its eightieth anniversary with a week of special services September 29 to October 6. Among the speakers for special evening addresses were Cloyd Goodnight, Shelbyville; C. E. Hill, Valparaiso; Mrs. Anna R. Atwater, Indianapolis; E. W. Thornton, Cincinnati; Pres. R. H. Crossfield, Lexington, Ky., and the pastor, A. Homer Jordan.

F. M. Rogers of Long Beach, Calif., visited Phillips Christian University of Enid, Okla., recently and is on a tour of inspection of a number of Disciple schools in quest of usable information in the founding of the California College soon to be established in some southern California city. A quarter million dollar fund will be raised before the institution is begun.

W. S. Lockhart of Central Church, Houston, Tex., began a series of sermons on Oct. 13, on "The Modern Significance of the Ten Commandments." In this series Mr. Lockhart will discuss the Ten Commandments as

they apply to modern life, pointing out how the principles contained therein apply to modern conditions. The subjects will be as follows:

Oct. 13—"Other Gods." (First Commandment.)

Oct. 20—"Graven Images," or "Art Development Among the Hebrews." (Second Commandment.)

Oct. 27—"Profanity"—Our National Blight. (Third commandment.)

Nov. 3—"The Social Significance of the Sabbath." (Fourth commandment.)

Nov. 10—"Honoring Parenthood," or "Modern Home Life." (Fifth commandment.)

Nov. 17—"Murder," or "Sanitation and Working Conditions." (Sixth commandments.)

Nov. 24—"The Traffic in Human Flesh." (Seventh commandment.)

Dec. 1—"Theft," or "Modern Graft." (Eighth commandment.)

Dec. 8—"Membership in the Ananias Club." (Ninth commandment.)

Dec. 15—"Covetousness," or "America's Reign of Money." (Tenth commandment.)

### Illinois Secretary's Letter.

Galesburg has called H. A. Denton of Troy, N. Y., who will begin his work there Nov. 24.

Latham has called Ira Engle of Carrollton and he is now on the field.

J. L. Fisher has accepted a call to the Paxton pulpit and has already begun his work.

The folks at Keithsburg served meals at their county fair and cleared \$600, and sent their faithful minister, L. F. DePoister, to the Louisville convention all expenses paid. That is the way to do things.

A. L. Huff of Centralia reports 13 addi-

tions since the convention.

G. W. Ford will remain another year with the West Salem church where they are building a \$12,000 house. Mr. Ford can hold a meeting of two between now and Christmas. Call him.

There are a few good young preachers in Eureka who are available for half or full time service. Our churches ought to feel a keen sense of obligation to give these young men a chance. They will make good.

H. M. Garn of Canton, Mo., has taken the work at Denver full time.

Another Canton boy, Floyd Taylor, gives half time to Wythe, near Sutter, in Hancock county.

Williamsville has called F. M. Myrick of California and he began Oct. 6.

Orville Hawkins of Cartter has accepted the work at Dallas City and will be on the field soon.

L. S. Harrington of Wapella has accepted the call of the Cowden church to begin at once.

The McFarland evangelical company are in a very promising meeting at Freeport with a number of additions. E. T. Cornelius is the minister and he is full of hope and enthusiasm for that work.

C. W. Freeman of St. Elmo held a fine meeting for the Antioch church in Wabash county with 28 additions.

Frank H. Verner of Georgetown is assisting F. M. Morgan in a meeting at Ashland, beginning Oct. 16.

It is with unusual regret that we announce that we are to lose W. W. Sniff of Paris from the state. He has accepted a call to the large church at Newcastle, Pa. It is a great field and he will serve in it with great credit and we rejoice with him in his advancement, but we are sorry to give him up from our own state. He is an honored member of our state board.

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Professor George A. Coe says: "These sermons display a remarkable union of intellectual boldness and spiritual warmth. I know of nothing else in print that brings out quite so clearly the positive religious values that can be reached by a rigorous application to Christian dogmas of the functional and valuational point of view. Even readers who cannot accept Professor Ames' position at all points must agree that such a book helps to clear the air, and to focus attention at the right point."

The Indianapolis News says: "One would go far to find a finer interpretation of religious thought and experience in terms of spiritual laws. Mr. Ames is emphatically a man with a message."

The Chicago Inter-Ocean says: "Six sermons full of broad humanity."

The Watchman says: "Professor Ames is avowedly a 'liberal' in theology but his liberalism seems to be of a wholesome kind, in the sense that he is less concerned about doctrines and creeds than he is about service and the helping of people to their best life."

The Independent says: "Dr. Ames does not deny being a liberal, but strongly objects to being styled a 'Unitarian', quoting with enthusiasm a saying of one of the early leaders of his denomination: 'I am neither a Unitarian nor a Trinitarian, but strive to be simply a Christian.' The sermons are thoughtful, moderate in tone and straightforward in expression."

Unity says: "Those who were privileged to listen to these sermons must have found their spiritual natures quickened."

The Advance says: "These are strong, virile sermons, appealing to the reason and satisfying the heart."

Professor Edward C. Moore, of Harvard, says: "It is a very clear and convincing statement of the issue as it stands in the minds of modern men. It makes us realize how the old formulation of the question has become obsolete, no one any longer states the question in the old terms. Dr. Ames has availed himself in admirable fashion of the opportunity for a new statement of the case, and the spirit in which he writes must convey confidence and reassurance to all."

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There are two missionary days in November and please keep them distinct in your minds. The first Sunday in November has been our "Illinois Day" for many years, when we ask all our churches to make their annual offering for state missions. The third Sunday in November has been adopted in recent years as Bible-school day for American missions. They are so close together that the preparatory work laps over and it is apt to be confusing. Keep it clear. J. A. Barnett of the Third Church, Danville, will hold a meeting in November for the Second church where L. N. Early is the minister.

Preachers who enrolled in the regular way when they came into the state will not be asked to enrol again every year. One enrollment holds good as long as he is in the state and his record is good.

Did you order supplies for Illinois Day Nov. 3? All the supplies are free and sent prepaid.

W. T. Hecker of Mount Morris writes us that he has resigned to take work further south where the winters are less rigorous.

The new Year Book is about ready to be mailed.

J. FRED JONES, Field Secretary.

W. D. DEWESE, Office Sec'y-Treas.

Bloomington, Ill.

## Chicago Disciples Assembly

The quarterly assembly of Chicago Disciples of Christ will be held under the auspices of the Chicago Christian Missionary Society at the First Methodist Church, Washington and Clark, October 27, 1912, 3 p. m.

The following program will be given: Prelude; hymn, "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy," scripture, Rev. V. T. Wood, West Pullman Church; solo, Mr. Lon T. Payne, Hyde Park Church; prayer, Rev. E. L. Dakin, Memorial Church; hymn, "America," roll-call, Rev. Orvis F. Jordan, secretary of C. C. M. S.; announcements, Mr. E. M. Bowman, president of C. C. M. S.; offering; solo, Mr. Lon T. Payne, Hyde Park Church; address, "Report of the National Convention," Rev. Austin Hunter, Jackson Boulevard Church.

### Some City Problems.

"The Problem of the Saloon," Mr. E. J. Davis, Englewood Church; "The Problem of Vice," Mr. Clifford Roe, Hyde Park Church; "The Problem of the Immigrant," Dr. P. L. Prentiss, Austin Church; doxology; benediction, Rev. C. C. Buckner, Irving Park Church; postlude.

Delegations will sit in section indicated by standard. The largest delegation will be announced. The meeting will begin on time and close at 4:45. All delegations are requested to be punctual.

## American Missions

The Home Mission Board will report the best record of gifts from churches, Bible-schools and individuals of any year in its history. There was a gain of 492 churches to the list of givers. The total receipts of money this year are \$178,884.26, a gain over last year of \$58,120.20. To this increase should be added the total subscriptions taken in special work for foreigners in Minneapolis, Cleveland and New York, amounting to \$66,210, thus making a grand total of gains in the year, \$124,330.20. The urgent appeal for increased funds to meet the crisis of the society has awakened a hearty response. The conditions which made that appeal imperative still prevail. The returns, while more abundant, are limited to states, which send their money through the American treasury, to be expended within

their own territory. These receipts, while enlarged, are restricted and do not relieve the society of the burden from a deficit caused by over-appropriations.

A most worthy memorial has been made by Mr. and Mrs. John G. Vissering, of Dana, Ill., who have made a gift of \$500 in memory of their beloved son, John Burton, who died on the eve of his high school graduation, June 3, 1910. He was a noble young Christian, ready to give the purity and strength of his life for the Master's service. Thus through the gift of his parents he will preach the gospel in the home land through the voice of B. L. Wray, their living link. Such parental devotion, such patriotic love and such loyalty to our Lord should inspire others to do likewise.

The two new churches organized this year in Wisconsin, at Janesville, an important city, and Soldiers' Grove, a thriving little town, are prospering. Frank L. Van Voorhis is in a good meeting in the country near Gillett, Wis., and the indications are that a strong congregation will be organized in a settled community. A church is badly needed, and the people have a mind to co-operate for religious development.

Carpenter, Wyo., is a small but promising field for the planting of a church of Christ. A few faithful brethren have been pleading for a year for somebody to come there and preach to them. The A. C. M. S. has recommended a half-dozen ministers within that time, but none were able to give time and service needed. Is there a young man who will volunteer for that field? Write Alex Holt, Carpenter, Wyo.

Pray for our home land. There is a great need for guidance of the spirit of God for the re-study of the Word, that the followers of Christ shall understand the trend of our missionary life and the day of visitation. Pray without ceasing!

AMERICAN CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.  
Cincinnati.

## Congregational Singing

(Continued from page 10.)

ger delights those of us who sang "Hear my prayer" to its simple strain at our mother's knee. Many another good tune went with them, the only crime of which seemed to be that it was singable, and that we poor commoners enjoyed it.

Still, in my capacity as advocate of the ordinary person, I must utter a plain protest against the pedantry of our present hymnal; and be it understood that despite these criticisms, that hymnal has no sincere or more grateful admirer than I.

### Pure Pedantry.

But the passion for getting back to the

original of a hymn, no matter how inferior that original might be, was, I venture to suggest, pedantry pure and simple. In the first place, it resulted in substituting in many places "I" for "we." Now, whenever possible, worship should not be personal, but representative. It should help us to lose ourselves in our association in the life of faith and service. It is surely only a pedantic devotion to the original of a poem that prevents its finding a place in our hymn-book in the form most suitable for congregational use.

Neither have I the slightest sympathy with the theory of verbal inspiration which precludes some slight alteration in the language which may make all the difference between a hymn that can be sung and a religious poem that cannot. The compilers of our present book took their courage in both hands when "the troops of Midian" ceased to prowl around us, and, instead, the powers of evil encompassed us; and they were right.

### Dislikes Morbid Sentiment.

We may take it that the average man dislikes morbid and doubtful sentiments in hymns, and does not feel refreshed or admonished by them. I sincerely hope it may be possible to make the perspective of the new book truer. A book in which "love to man" is represented by three hymns and "the burial of the dead" by ten fails in Christian proportion. I imagine the early Christians used their hymns and spiritual songs to inspire them to conquer the Roman Empire and its corruptions by the spirit of justice and love. What we miss most of all in our hymn-book is songs of freedom, progress and human service. In this respect, Congregationalism should lead Christendom rather than follow any pattern, ancient or modern. Here our hymn-book should be most of all distinctive. It should speak for us. It should discipline our souls in the love of truth and liberty and justice.

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